His Worst Scars Are Tokens from the Panther, Hyena, Lion and Baboon-Vicious Tricks of Other Animals.

New York Sun.

Mr. William Winner, or at least what there is left of him, is in charge of the anlmais at the circus. He has been so clawed and bitten that he looks like the composite photograph of a lot of German students, but he laughs at his scars as if he had never feit a wound. For thirty years he has made himself agreeable to a large variety of animals, some of which have, in their turn, behaved to him in a manner which Mr. Winner feels justified in calling beastly.

Some of the results of this association are a broken nose, a deep hole in the forehead and a missing finger. These are only a few of the most important of Mr. Winner's scars. He says he cannot even guess at the total number he wears, but as he got twenty in a single encounter with a panther some idea of his supply may be gained. For a life of adventure tiger hunting in the jungles of India doesn't seem to be in it with taking care of the animals in a circus, "Animals are treacherous," said Mr. Win-

ner, meditatively rubbing his broken nose with the remaining three fingers of his right hand. "They have their bad days, just as people do, and even the best of them get cross once in awhile. And it doesn't do to be careless with any of them. There was the panther that gave me my twenty scars. We had trained him for the parade; that is, to let a man ride in the wagon with him. He had never shown any ugliness, but the man who was to ride in the cage was afraid of him, and said he wouldn't go unless we put a collar and chain on the animal. So I went in, put the collar on, and turned to go out, when the panther sprang right on my back.

"What did I do? Well, I had been careless and had gone into the cage without a he would try to get at my throat, so I called the man outside to get the feeding fork. That is a two-pronged fork with a handle about six feet long. It took him a little while to get it, and in the meantime the panther had torn and bitten the back of my head, neck and shoulders, as I told you, in about twenty places. When the man came with the fork I told him to watch the panther's mouth, and when he opened it to stick the fork in. He did, and when he got the fork in he pushed the beast off my back, though it took my clothes and a good deal of my flesh with it. "How did you lose your finger?"

Oh, a hyena bit that off. That was about twenty years ago in the zoological gardens at St. Louis. We had a spotted hyena, and when the striped hyena ar-rived the manager told me to put them in together. I told him they wouldn't live together, but he thought I didn't know, and said to do as he ordered. So we did and the result was that they were no sooner in the same cage than they began fighting like everything. I went in to separate them, and the spotted hyena bit my finger off as easily as you would bite off a stick of candy. You know a spotted hyena has the strongest jaw of any of the animals. It can break the shin bone of an ox. In this fight where I lost my finger the spotted hyena bit the other one's hind leg and broke it."

SOME OTHER SCARS. "And how about that hole in your fore-

"Well, a lion did that with one blow of his paw. It was down in Barnum's old museum, and the lion was in a cage adjoining that of a leopard. The partition did not reach to the roof of the cage, and one day the leopard jumped over into the lion's quarters. Then there was a fight, you may believe! I went in to separate them, but the lion gave me a blow with his paw which knocked me senseless, and the men pulled me out of the cage. My skull was fractured, and the doctors took out a piece of the bone as large as a half dollar. It's all grown over there now, and though it doesn't look very pretty, it doesn't trouble me except in very cold weather." "And the broken nose"

That was a delicate attention from lioness who was so anxious to embrace me that she broke her cage to pieces and knocked the iron door against my nose. Here," pointing to a large scar on his left hand, "is where a baboon bit me." "Have you ever had an encounter with chimpanzee like Chiko?" "No, and I don't want any. They are, in

my opinion, the worst animals to handle because they have the advantage of going on two feet. They knock you down and go right for your windpipe to strangle you. That's their way of lighting." "How about elephants?"

"I've been knocked down by them a good many times. They knock you down with their trunks, and then, if they have tusks, try to gore you. If they have no tusks they step on you and crush you. One time an elephant hit me with his trunk and knocked me out of a railroad car just as it was starting. I fell across the track, but the train was going so slowly that I had time to roll out of the way, but it was a mighty narrow escape." "The camels are peaceful enough, aren't

"Wall, sometimes there are vicious camels, in which case they take to biting. I once saw a camel bite through an trunk and hang on until they hit him over the head with a club and knocked him down. Some animals are naturally ugly. Now, we have a tigress which has been with us several years, but we can never depend on her." Mr. Winner led the way to the cage where the tigress lay asleep, for it was

just after they were fed in the morning. "Fannie! Jack! Maggie!" he called. "Come! Get up!" An enormous tiger, said to be the largest in America, got up slowly. He was Jack. A young tigress in a separate division of the cage also got up, but neither of them

"Fannie!" said Mr. Winner, sternly, and then a large tigress sprang up and leaped o the front or the cage, snarling viciously, Mr. Winner put his hands up toward the bars, and Fannie snapped her great jaws at them and snarled in a way calculated to make one shiver with apprehension. Then Mr. Winner spoke to Jack, who put his nose up to the bars and let the keeper pat it and rub his sides, Maggie was even more friendly. She almost purred with pleasure when Mr. Winner stroked her

"Sir," he said, "Maggle is going to be pet. You couldn't make one of Fannie it you tried forever. But she's a good mother," he said judiciously "Here's the big traind bear." he said passing on to the next cage. "No one can

do anything with him except the Italian who exhibits him. We have to have all the woodwork of his cage covered with zinc. He's chained to the floor, you see, by a ring in his nose. The bears are always putting their paws out. If they are vicious, they're looking for a chance to nab somebody; and if they're good natured, why, they're begging." "Do the men ever get hurt by the ani

mals getting their paws through the bars?" yes. I have been caught on the shoulder a good many times when I was careless. If I should stand near Fannie's cage with my back toward her she'd steal up and get her claws into me. Fannie's a sneak. Here are the panthers," crossing to a cage containing three of them. One began spitting like a great cat. "That one's got to be put through a course of sprouts," said Mr. Winner, regarding her critically. ANIMALS AT LARGE.

"Do the animals often get loose?" "Well, I've had a good many experiences of that kind. The most exciting, I think, was down in Argenta, Arkansas. It was at night, after the performance, and I was working at a wagon containing a lion and commune by telephone with the people of lioness. I had a kerosene torch stuck | Mars.' in the ground by the wagon, and had just finished my work when a terrific storm broke. The wind blew the canvas over in less time than it takes to tell it, and with the canvas went the wagon with the lion and lioness. It fell on the torch, and the kerosene blazed up through the bars. I got the men to help me set the wagon up, but just as we got it on the wheels again the two animals, maddened by the fire and the excitement, broke out of the cage. had a white pony I used to ride in parade, and the lion, catching sight of the ony, jumped on its back, and off they tore but the pony flew on, and the last I ever saw of him he was going toward the river. I think he must have been drowned, for, although I advertised for him and offered a reward, I never heard of him again.

so badly that the sand and sand burrs hurt them. I had the men bring the wagon out and take off the hind wheels, so that the floor sloped up from the ground. Then I sent to the cook house for a shank of beef. I opened the door at the rear of the wagon, tied a long rope to the beef, and put the loose end through the wagon and gave it to a man on the driver's seat in front.
Then I took the beef and carried it down
near the lion and laid it on the ground. The lion started toward it, but, on account of his bleeding paws, he couldn't go very fast, and the man kept pulling the meat along till he pulled it into the wagon, the lion following. "Well, so far so good. I had the wagen

put on its wheels again and partitioned the iton off in the forward end. Then we took the wheels off again, and I tried the same scheme with the lioness, but some way she got frightened and ran off. It was pitch dark, except for the lightning, so we got torches and traced her footprints. Finally we hunted her in an old barn, where we wagon. We brought it up as near as we could, and had the men hold up boards at the sides so that she would go into the cage. Then I took a club and went into the barn to drive her out. She went, but instead of going into the wagon she made a jump at the men holding the boards at one side, and they dropped them and ran. Then we had to begin all over again. Finally toward morning she ran under an old sidewalk. When she got under an old sidewalk. When she got under she couldn't go more than a few feet either way because it was boarded up. I had the men board up the place she went in and then build a sort of a pen around it. We brought the wagon along and I let the lion out into the pen. Then I took the boards off below the sidewalk and let the lioness out and finally they both went into the out, and finally they both went into the wagon. That was an all-night affair, and in one of the worst storms I have ever

"Have you ever had any pet animals?"
"Yes, I had a leopard one time called Mile. She was a great favorite of mine, and I could carry her around in my arms just like a kitten. I was very fond of another eopard called Johnny, but Millie was my "With all these terrible encounters have

you never been cured of your fondness for "No, and never will be," said Mr. Win-ner, shaking his bruised and battered head.

WAS IT HIS WRAITH?

Experience of a College Student with a Supernatural Visitor.

They were talking of the curious and the supernatural. There were a few members of the party who had had experiences out of the ordinary, and the college student was He said: "I have always been more or less attracted by the supernatural and of late years I have given a good deal of

thought to things of which I have read and which seem to have no reasonable explanation. I have been particularly attracted by the stories in that little book (I forgot who wrote it), 'Beyond the Sunshine.' I have known people who have had experience similar to those told of by the author of that book, but it was not until last winter that I had any personal knowledge of the "I was at college. I had two rooms in one of the dormitories. One was my sleeping room and the other my study. There was a double door between the two and had some heavy curtains hung from a rod that ran across the top of the doorway. The door from the hall came into my sleeping room. The bed stood over against the wall.

In my study there was a table, a bookcase and a couple of chairs. "Just before the Christmas holidays I got letter from my mother, saying that my brother, who was two years younger than I was seriously ill, and telling me to be prepared to come home on receipt of a telegram. My brother and I were the closest kind of chums, and the news worried me a good deal. I packed up my grip and made ready to start for home at a moment's no-

"That night I could not sleep. I went to oed and tossed about for two hours, and then gave it up as a bad job. Then I tried to read, but I could not. I was desperate, and to kill time and get rid of my depressing thoughts I went into the room of a friend of mine and organized a game of whist. This was not accomplished without a great deal of difficulty, but I finally got three friends interested in my case. and we sat down about Il o'clock to play. "We payed until 3:45 o'clock. I remember the time perfectly, for I looked at my watch just before I left the room. The other fellows went to their rooms. I was dead tired and confident I could sleep. walked to my room and entered it. Just as lighted the gas the clock struck 4. As have said, the door from the hall opene into my sleeping room. I thought that would have a pipe and go to bed. I had partially forgotten the illness of my brother, but as I came into the sleeping room I saw the letter from my mother ly ing on the dresser, and I began thinking o it again. A chill came over me as the clock ctruck, and I made haste to get into my study and get a pipe. "I pulled back the curtains, and there standing in the full glare of the gaslight, I saw my brother. He had on a night shirt and stood by my study table, looking toward my sleeping room. He was pale and thin, but otherwise looked as he did when last saw him. I was terribly frightened. tried to speak, but the words stuck in my broat. He looked steadily at me. I let the curtain go together again, undressed as quickly as I was able and jumped into bed. pulling the bedclothes over my head. Four hours later, at 8 o'clock, I got a telegram saying that my brother had died at exactly 4 o'clock.
"I don't pretend to explain this. I know that my brother or my brother's spirit was n my study a few seconds after 4 o'clock I saw him there. I have met other people who have had similar experiences, but I

TELEPHONING TO MARS.

knowledge, do not know."

have never known anybody who could sat-

isfactorily explain them. It all convinces

me that there is a mightly big lot about

ourselves that we, with all our boasted

Signaling Across Space Without Any Intermediate Wires.

W. H. Preece, engineer to the telegraphs department of the postoffice, read a paper on "Electric Signaling Without Wires" before the Society of Arts in London, his purpose being to show how we are gradually approaching the time when we shall be able to make practical use of the electric waves. For ten years Mr. Preece has been steadily investigating the subject of signaling through space, which he finds very fascinating. His experiments have proved the effects he subsequently describes to be due primarily to radiation and not to conduction.

When the Royal Commission to inquire into electric communication between the shore and the lighthouse was appointed. in June, 1892, the opportunity arose for testing the theory of signaling without wires. The Bristol channel proved a very convenient locality to test the practicabilty of communicating across a distance of three and five miles. Two islands, the Flat Holm and the Steep Holm, lying near Cardiff, the former having a lighthouse upon it, were used for the experiments. The object of the experiments was not only to test the practicability of signaling between the shore and the lighthouse, but to lifferentiate the effects due to earth conluction from those due to electro-magnetic induction, and to determine the effects in water. There was no difficulty in comnunicating between the shore and the Flat Holm. The distance between the two places was three miles. The attempt to speak between Lavernock and Steep Holm was not so successful; the distance was five miles, but the signals were perceptible. It is something to be able to report, Mr. Preece observes, that we have now acquired a practical system of signaling icross space without using wires. Speaking of the possibilities of the future. the lecturer remarked that though he had confined himself to a description of a simple practical system of communicating across terrestial space "one cannot help speculating as to what may occur through planetary space. Strange, mysterious sounds are heard on all long telephone lines when the earth is used as a return, especially in the calm stillness of the night. Earth currents are found in telegraph circuits, and the aurora borealis lights up our northern sky when the sun's photosphere is disturbed by spots. The sun's surface must at such times be violently disturbed by electrical storms, and if oscillations are set up and radiated through space in sympathy with those required to affect telephones, it is not a wild dream to say that we may hear on this earth a thunder storm in the sun. If any of the planets be populated with beings like ourselves, having the gift of lan-

SHE GOT HER BRIDAL KISS. Bridegroom Did His Duty Like a Man at the Church Door.

guage and the knowledge to adapt the

great forces of nature to their wants, then

electrical energy to and fro in telegraphic order it would be possible for us to hold

if they could oscillate immense stores of

Many guests at a fashionable church wedding a few days ago were surprised when they saw the bridegroom stop near the door and kiss the bride. It was so marked a departure from the old rule of ending the wedding ceremony by a kiss that it caused a great deal of comment. Very few of those who saw that interesting feature of what the bride regarded as an important part of the ceremony knew

how it all came about. Hundreds of friends had watched the though I advertised for him and offered lovely girl as she moved gracefully toward reward. I never heard of him again.

The hons kept wandering around, not she was a bride had been placed on her ling far because their feet were burned finger the sung bride looked lovingly to-

ward the bridegroom. One could see was ready to receive the bridal kiss. But the bridegroom had apparently forgotten that part of the ceremony. He seemed interested only in getting out of the church, and abruptly offered the young woman his arm. With a little pout of annovance she placed her hand on his arm and they started toward the church en-The bride did not intend to leave that church without having obtained a bridal kiss, which to her seemed to be of as much of the minister.

importance in the ceremony as the words When near the door she whispered some thing to the bridegroom which he, in his efforts to get beyond the gaze of the throng in the church, failed to understand. "You did not give me my kiss," the bride repeated in a tone which caused her The preparation of the seed bed is a very words to be heard by some of the guests near the door. delicate matter, for the seeds are so small

"I beg your pardon, but I forgot all about that the earth must be pulverized as much it," whispered the bridegroom, and right at the door he gave the bride the kiss she had expected to receive at the altar. Then the bride, complete happiness having been restored by this rounding out of the marriage ceremony, walked gracefully out to the carriage and was driven away

with a face wreathed in smiles.

OPIUM SMOKING IN 'FRISCO.

The Baleful Habit Spreading Rapidly Among Poor and Depraved People.

San Francisco Chronicle. It is a little over one hundred years since the Chinese learned to smoke opium. The pernicious habit has spread with alarming rapidity, till now the whole nation has become enslayed to an insidious drug that is responsible for the physical, mental and moral ruln of millions of human beings every year. Opium is becoming a terrible curse in San Francisco. One cannot walk a half dozen yards in Chinatown without being conscious of its presence. Its sickly fumes come pouring forth from basement and cellar, as through the clefts of Gahenna. In factory, store and office, in the homes of the rich and the squalid shanties of the poor, the air is yellow with the smoke of "devil's dirt." Much of the smok ing that goes on is in private houses and stores, but there are in Spofford alley, Waverly place, Bartlett and Washington alleys and other places scores of publi dens where opium is smoked day and night Probably the majority of Chinese are more or less addicted to its use. Some Chinese assert that 30 per cent. of the confirmed sots have what the Chinese call the yui or the craving. When a man gets that he deserted, family neglected business forgotten and the man is an utter wreck. The most serious phase of the opium habit is that it has secured a hold upon the lower and more depraved classes of whites in that city. It is no uncommon thing to see young men and women stealing into Chinatown at night, entering an opium shop and procuring a half-dollar's worth of the lethal drug. No one can look at their bent shoulders and discolored faces without seeing how opium is stamping upon them its indelible brand. It is when the opium habit becomes fixed and the opium habit becomes fixed and the craving intense that the greatest injury to the system. At regular times during the day there come griving pains, which become indescribable agony if the victim is unable to get his pipe. These pains subside with the first whiff of opium, and are followed by the most delightful sensations. When a man reaches this stage it is impossible to cure him. It is exceedingly doubtful whether there is any known remedy to cure an opium sot. The Chinese have medicines in abundance. One cannot walk down a block without seeing a score of advertisements of pretended infallible cures. The usual opium cure is a course of pills which contain more or less opium, and are taken in gradually decreased doses till, it is claimed, the taste for the drug has gone. In the majority of cases the patient is only changed from an opium smoker to an opium eater.

" THE FATAL BAR." Chapter the First and Last of a Novel in the Fin de Siecle Style.

"George," she sobbed, "I have come to tell you of something that will prevent you marrying me. The young man at her side (who was George, by the way) turned deadly pale, but answered bravely, just the same: "Mabel," he said, "in a voice choked with emotion, "I love you. Nothing you can tell me will alter that fact. I love you, and, come what may, I intend to

The girl only shook her head sadly as "My darling, I do not doubt your love, but if that love were twenty times as strong you would not marry me when you learn the terrible truth.' "Mabel, nothing in this world short of my death-or yours," he added quickly, "shall prevent me marrying you. Don't be afraid, sweetheart. Speak out. Tell me vour secret. Still she shook her head as one for whom there is no hope.
"Listen, my dear," she said, "and learn the hideous truth-George, I have a complex nature. He staggered, strong man though he was-he staggered as if some miscreant had fetched him one. The great drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead. There was a long silence-caused by neither of them speaking. The man was the first to

"It's-it's too horrible," he moaned. "If you had told me that one of your legs was shorter than the other, or that your heart was in the wrong place, or anything! I should have suffered; but we could have been married just the same. But-this!" and he wrung his hands, and made ugly faces in his agony. There was a look of hopeless resignation on her face. She said nothing. Neither did he. He was thinking of "Key Notes" and Ibsen's plays, and "The Second Mrs. Tan-Presently he spoke again. queray."

"Is your-nature-very-complex?" he

asked with just a glimmer of hope in his "I don't even understand it myself," she answered. "George, let us be brave. Let us face the truth. If we were married I should always be unhappy and dissatisfied. At the very best I should make your life miserable. The young man covered his face with his hands and sobbed like a child. She kissed him tenderly on the forehead, and left him alone with his grief; and who

shall blame her? ROMANTIC MARRIAGE. He Offered the Best Security He Had,

and She Accepted. Washington Star. "Talk about romantic marriages," ejacu-

lated a well-posted rounder at the Riggs House this morning. "There goes a couple up Fifteenth street who came together in the most remarkable way you ever heard of, and who are enjoying a great deal of happiness, too. Don't mention any names and I'll tell you the story. "Some time ago the man, who was in the real estate business, advertised for a sun: of money, repayment of which would be guaranteed by unquestionable security. The advertisement met the eye of a young and buxom widow, who had several thousand dollars which she wanted to invest, and she answered it in person. "When she visited the advertiser's office she was doubtless favorably impressed with his appearance and had an opportunity to study him perhaps, because there were

several callers before her. At last he was disengaged, and stating her mission the widow inquired what security would be given for the loan. " 'Madame." said the agent, 'I am a man of ups and downs in the world; now successful and then unfortunate. Sometimes I am on my way to the executive mansion and at others my path leads in the direction at the workhouse. But such as I am offer myself as security for the loan I have advertised for. Marriage, madame, marriage, is the security I offer you. "Naturally, the widow was flustrated and shortly withdrew, stammering out, with violent blushing, that she would con-

sider the proposition. That her considera-

tion must have been favorable goes with-

out saying, because they were married in

less than two weeks afterward, and they

are just as happy, to all appearances, as if their courtship had been two years long." Homes for Homeless Women.

New York Evening Post. Who has not pitied the gentlewoman with small means, no near relatives, or with those who do not need her or will not have her, and with no tastes or training outsid of simple domesticity to absorb her heart and mind? It is for such women as these, who would be obliged to live in dreary boarding houses, with maddening surroundings and uncongenial people, that an English woman has planned what she alluringly calls "picturesque village homes" for gentlewomen of narrow means. How distinctly English and how nice and symnathetic that sounds. The cottages are of the "Anne Hathaway style," and the first one started contained only two good-sized rooms with a scullery. It is covered with roses and honeysuckles, and jessamine about window, and porch, and door, with grass and flowers in front. Mrs. M. C. Smith says that "two ladies could easily manage with £50 or £70 a year between them to live in such a house in comfort, independence, and refinement. The two other homes started by Mrs. Smith are larger and will accommodate four or five. They are in no way charitable enterprises, but prettily furnished cottages for which the tenants pay the required price, and in the domestic management of which they are perfectly independent.

Join the Republican Party. What this country needs at the present time is a well-organized common sense

HOW TO GROW CELERY

Methods Used on a 2,000 Acre Garden Patch Down in Delaware.

Preparing the Soil, Sowing Seed, Transplanting, Handling, Banking Up and Bunching-Severe Toil.

New York Sun.

as possible. It must also be level, or the heavy rains will wash the seeds away. A no larger than more than sufficient to plants required even for a two-thousand-acre celery farm. The land is first ploughed, then harrowed, and afterward "fined down" to the last degree with hand rakes. A "marker" is then run across the bed to mark the lines in which the seed is to be sown. This marker is on the principle of a big wooden hay rake, but much heavier, with the teeth set twelve inches apart. When the whole bed has been thus marked every ninth mark is "rubbed out," leaving a footpath two feet wide between the beds. The seed is sown thickly in the lines sometimes by hand, and sometimes with a seed drill, and the back of a garden rake is drawn lightly over the whole, lengthwise of the rows, to cover the seed up. Then a heavy wooden roller is run over the whole bed, to make the earth

By the middle of June this seed bed is one beautiful green mass of celery plants. in which neither rows nor walks can be distinguished, provided proper attention has been given it in the matters of frequent hoeing and raking with steel rakes, to keep down the weeds. The plants look so fresh and strong that an inexperienced grower would think them all ready to set out; but the market gardener, who has nearly always paid many dollars for his experience, knows better. He sets a man at work with a sharp scythe on the bed, and has the tops of all the plants ruthlessly mown off. The vitality of the plant that would be wasted n making more leaves is thus thrown into the stalks, making them thicker and stronger and more likely to stand the shock of transplantation.

A week or two after the tops have been cut off, work on the real celery beds begins. This may be anywhere from the middle of June till the end of July, or even later, all depending upon whether the crop is destined to be early or late. The variety, too, has much to do with the date of gathering the crop. But the growers are generally shy of early crops. The demand for celery is not as great toward the close of summer as it is late in the fall, when other vegetables are scarce; and early celery does not keep so well.

On the Garden City farm, where each bed is 50 feet wide by 750 feet long, with deep ditches between them to carry the rainage into the Delaware river, work on the main crop begins about the middle of July. On almost any other land stable manure would have to be thrown until it lay four or five inches deep, and then plowed in; but the Garden City land is rich enough without this, and the great beds, each as large as large as fifteen city lots, are plowed and harrowed. There is no digging of trenches, no making of ridges or hillocks. The land is simply harrowed till it is fine and smooth, and then the marker is run over it. For this purpose the marker's teeth are set from three to five feet apart; three feet between the rows for the dwarf kinds of celery and five feet for the larger sorts.

WEARING WORK. Now begins the killing work for the laborers. It is a common saying on the truck farms that a gardener must have nine joints in his back and two in his neck, and nothing brings all these joints into play more thoroughly than "setting out" celery plants. All day long, frequentworkman must walk and work with both hands and feet on the ground. For five hours at a stretch he hardly has a chance to straighten his back. No one not well trained to the work could stand the strain for half an hour. A good example of it may be had by trying to walk across a room with both hands and feet on the floor. The gardener always tries to select a fine day for this trying work, but the gardener's fine day is not what other people consider satisfac-tory. He wants a day, if possible, when a fine drizzling rain is falling and no sun shines. This keeps the workmen wringing wet, of course, but that is a small matter in the eyes of the boss, who looks only to the state of the soil, and considers how nicely the transplanted roots will begin to throw out their rootlets before the hot sun has a chance to wither and kill them. It takes about forty-eight hours for the young rootlets to start, and in that time the less

When the beds are ready for planting one man is at work in the seed bed loosening the young plants with a spading fork. After this loosening the plants are readily drawn out of the earth and thrown into a heap. There are very few leaves on them. for these have been clipped off with the scythe. As they come out they are just three or four siender green stems growing from a delicate root. Each man who is to set out the plants is accompanied by a boy, and the boy is provided with a basket. The boy goes to the heap of plants and fills his basket and starts along the row ahead of the man, dropping the plants one by one on the line, so that they lie about six inches

The man who is to do the setting out implement called a dibber. This is a piece of wood about a foot long and an inch or more thick, curved at one end like a pistol handle, and shod at the other end with a sharp iron point. When the man bends over to begin work at one end of a vow. he will not straighten his back again till the other end of the row is reached, whether it be fifty feet away or half a mile. With his right hand he jabs the dibber into the earth, making a small round hole directly on the line made by the marker, and with the other he picks up the plant and inserts the root in the hole. Then with both hands, but without drepping the dibber, he presses the earth around it. It is all done with three quick motions. and in a second or so he is making the next hole, six inches further on. To tab holes and stick plants in them sounds very simple, but the gardeners have reduced the work to a science. With both feet flat on the round and both hands busy on a level with the feet their motions are as regular and as rapid as those of a compositor setting type, or of an expert lather nailing When the end of a row is reached the workman "turns back on it," as he ex-presses it, and walks back to the starting point, making short steps and taking care that with each step one foot shall be close on each side of a plant. Thus he "firms" the soil around the roots, a process which keeps out the air and keeps in the moisture. Plants firmed in this way have many more chances of living, or "catching on, as the gardener puts it, than plants that are not firmed. The man might reasonably e expected to straighten his back while walking thus along the row, but usually he does not. He generally remains bent and rests his hands upon his legs above the knees, this position seeming to give him a greater pressure. While the man firms down the row the boy refills his

basket with plants, and the next row is begun without intermission. When the two thousand acres are stuck full of plants in this back-breaking way, but not all at one time or all with the same variety of celery, each bed stands for about two weeks before it needs any further attention, beyond going over it two or three days after planting and replacing any roots that may have died. In two weeks cultivator is run between the rows, not to kill the weeds, for no weeds have yet appeared, but to turn under and destroy the weed germs, which would appear in a few days more. A good gardener never waits for the weeds to appear, but by frequently stirring the ground prevents them from appearing at all. This is the theory of all gardeners, but the practice is sometimes slightly different.

THE BANKING UP. As the plants grow in height earth is thrown up against the rows with plow and cultivator, and after this has been done two or three times, increasing the height of the ridge each time, the process of "handling" begins. If it were not for this "handling" our celery would not come to us in upright bunches as it does, but in widespreading, ill shaped stalks-for celery left to itself prefers to spread out laterally, like most other plants. In "handling" the workman begins at the end of the row, when the soil is somewhat moist, and with both hands draws the earth up around each plant, pressing it up firmly. This gives all the little branches the straight upward tendency that we see when the bunches come

times more. But even after they are fully grown and ripe they are not ready to be marketed. The stalks are still green, and the buyer demands that they be white and crisp. To whiten the stalks they have to be "banked up," and this is one of the most laborious of all the celery processes. For this work two men are assigned to

each row, one on one side and one on the other, each armed with a spade. They dig out enough earth from between the rows to make an embankment as high as the very tips of the plants, and with the backs of the spades pat it down till they make a ridge as smooth and straight as a brick wall, and from two to three feet This, like all the other work, is done rapidly. The private gardeners who dawdle over their work and spend much time in cogitating, might learn a useful lesson by seeing the market gardeners at their rapid and unceasing work. The "banked-up" celery must stand for two weeks before it is sufficiently white and crisp for market. When it comes ou

of its long grave it is discolored with earth and is by no means ready for sale. It dug out with spading forks and carried by the wagon load to the vegetable house. There it is first washed clean and then bunched. The mere bunching of celery is almost a trade by itself, and requires great dexterity. Three or four "roots" or stalks are put in a bunch, according to their size. With a sharp knife the buncher cuts down each root into a smooth square, lays the three or four of these roots side by side, and with two or three dexterous motions twines a strong cord about them, binding them securely together, and making at last the bunch of celery as we see it in the market. It must, after all this labor, be fully worth the 10 cents, or 15 cents or 25 cents a bunch that the household buyer pays for it; but if the grower clears \$250 an acre on his crop he pats himself on the back and thanks heaven for its manifold blessings. He is in luck if year in and year out he averages \$150 profit to the acre. It is only the early celery that goes direct from the fields to market. The winter celery, that is, celery that can go to market any time between December and April, does not require the banking up, because it is preserved in pits and trenches and has plenty of time to blanch itself before it is taken out. Winter celery brings better prices than the earlier kinds, but the profit is about the same, because celery stored in pits or trenches has an unfortunate way of freezing or rotting, and it has to be taken out, not when the market is at its best, bu when the ground is soft enough to dig. The varieties of celery are as the sands of the seashore. Every seedsman has dozens of them, including two or three special kinds that are better than all others. Garleners take most kindly to the dwarf and half-dwarf varieties, because so many more bunches can be raised to the acre. Pink celery, which is the sweetest and nuttiest of all the celery tribe, is comparatively

raise, but the varieties their customers are used to and will buy. It is only in the effete East that this Garden City celery farm of 2,000 acres would be considered a large plantation. In the Kalamazoo celery district, the greatest celery belt" in the world, some of the farms are so much larger that their owners would consider this only a garden patch. Throughout the eight celery months of last year the Kalamazoo district shipped between twenty and thirty tons of celery every day except on the frequent occasions when the shipments ran up beyond fifty tons. But with all this the market is not supplied, and all the big growers are increasing their acreage every year.

scarce in our market, because the people

are not accustomed to it. It is not the finest

varieties of vegetables the market gardeners

VALUE OF A BLUE CHIP.

The Deacon Tried to Settle Shy, but the Preacher Called Him Down.

Lew Dockstader, the burnt-cork artist, tells a good story of a reformed gambler, which is worth repeating. Two gamblers who had been in business for a long time and grown rich decided to dissolve partnership; one because he desired to reform, and the other for the reason that h thought he could find wider and better fields in the work. The one who desired to give up his wicked life became known to the Christian people, and he was soon installed in the fold of the church. The old partner went West with his paraphernalia and flourished. At the end of the year he came back to the old town to visit the former partner.

It was Sunday night when he arrived, so he went directly to the church, and took an aisle seat in the back part. Soon the organ began to play some lively music, and two men walked down the aisle bearing silver plates. One of them was the reformed gambler. As the pennies and nickles began to drop into the plate the prosperous gambler rummaged in his pockets for some change, and when his old partner passed him he dropped a blue chip into the plate. The reformed man looked up quickly and recognized his partner. The blue chip in the plate made him nervous. He didn't like to pick it out for fear some one would think he was taking money from the plate, so he shook the sliver receptacle to work it under, but the chip being lighter than the coin it always came to the top. As he reached the rail with his back to the congregation he quickly lifted out the chip and dropped a silver dollar in its stead. It was neatly done, but the preacher had observed it. and as he walked over to accept the alms he said softly, "Deacon, a blue chip calls

George Francis Train Blows In.

for five."

He said he had not come to join the Coxey movement, but that they had joined him. As proof that he had proposed such a move a year ago he exhibited a number of papers of that date in which were his

"I don't want any notoriety over this affair," said he. "I am the best known and unknown man in the world to-day. did not come here until I saw that it was imparative. I did not like to leave my tots in New York, my little Anarchists, people call them, and they are right. But when I heard all this talk of stopping Coxey's army by force I said to myself i is time to act. The Congress here may intimidate Mr. Coxey and Mr. Kelly and Col. Redstone and others, but they can't scare me. People know that I am not afraid of a prison cell or a Derringer pointed at my nose. Congressmen know that, and they are the ones who are scared. I come here (and there may be fifty of them at work | to tell them the truth in big, solid chunks. at once) is provided with a curious little | The truth is just what they don't want to know and what I am determined they sha know. I am not going to talk much now, but I will make a big disturbance in this town before I leave it, and if they try to suppress me just let them dare. I am ready

for any thing." Substitute for Quicksilver.

Philadelphia Record. In the last analysis probably everything is dirt. But there are wonderful dirts. Coal tar is one of the most unpromising to look at; but what a magazine of possibilities there are in coal tar after it has passed through the inquiring hands of the

chemist. One of the latest needs to which a coal tar derivative is applied is as a substitute for quicksilver in the bulbs of th rmometers. This substance is called tulnol. It contains no water, can stand a much lower temperature than quicksilver without freezing, and when exposed to warmth expands with great regularity. Besides ros sessing these qualities, it is cheap; and as it is much lighter than quicksilver the tube of the thermometer can be made much larger than is now usual, and thus it wil not only be much easier to read the record. but greater exactitude in registration wil be secured. The dark-blue color of tulnol is another element which will contribute to the ease of reading the thermometer.

English Homes and American.

Price Collier, in the Forum. On entering an Englishman's house the first thing one notices is how well his house is adapted to him. On entering an American's house the first thing one notices is how well he adapts himself to his house. In England the establishment is carried on with a prime view to the comfort of the man. In America the establishment is carried on with a prime view to the comfort of the woman. Men are more selfish than women, consequently the English home is as a rule more comfortable than the American home. An Englishman is continually going home; an American is continually going to business. One is forever planning and scheming to get home, and to stay at home, and to enjoy the privileges of home, while the other is more apt to devote his energies to make his business a place to go to and in which to spend himself. These minor details of domestic life put their impress upon larger matters of business and poli-

The Fashionable Cont. Philadelphia Times.

The ingredients for fashionable dresses are undoubtedly cloth, watered silk, jet and cream-colored lace. Within reason you may manage to combine all these you will secure a costume which may be written down as the "latest." In truth, the popularity of watered silk is little less than alarming. There is not a dress or costume that bears not its influence upon it, and let me tell you-you who have a wish to be economical -not to have watered silk made tight fitting, for no matter how good a quality you may purchase it invariably resents the machine needle and gives way at the seams in a most deplorable fashion. However, the semi-fitting jacket is just as fashionable this year as the tight coat, so this need be no deterrent to the use of this fabric.

Brown Bread.

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62 AND 64 WEST MARYLAND ST. physiology which bases the qualities of | future home is to be in another city. The

food upon a white color. Color is a sentiment. Food to be food must contain all the elements of the tissues the body feeds upon. It does not say the body must be white. The preference for white flour comes altogether from habit and false education, for those who eat bread and other food made from whole wheat flour scon begin to love it, and in a short time experience a natural craving for it which white bread does not and cannot satisfy. and the light-brown color of the bread with its rich wheat flavor, is a constant reminder that the life and sustenance are not driven out of it, while its satisfying and nourishing qualities attest that it is

ETIQUETTE OF CARD LEAVING. Some Mooted Points in This Never-Settled Matter Discussed. New York Times.

the perfection of hale and healthful food.

The question of card etiquette is like the poor, always with us. There seems on some points connected with it no authority that may be regarded as final. Consequently the presentment of various dictators has its advantages, giving one at least an excuse for A compiler of a recent book upon the sub-

ject discusses some of the intricacles of card leaving in print. As, for example: "When sisters live together, two, or even three, it is difficult to be absolutely certain as to the number of cards to leave. For one thing, age gives individuality to unmarried ladies, and in these days they acquire it at a very early age, when left parentless and living together. Each one has friends of her own, and distinct from her sisters'. When this is the case cards are, as a matter of course, only left for the one sister upon whom the call is made, and a married lady should leave one of her own and one of her husband's cards; but when the three sisters are acquaintances of a caller a card should be left for each one-a card of a wife and a card of a husband; but should one sister act as the head of a house, considerably older than the others, then cards should be left upon her only, with the corner of the lady's card turned down. As regards the sisters' cards, if still very young, their names should be on one card; if not, they should have separate cards. "A widow had two young ladies staying with her. Are callers to leave a card on them, and one for each? They are slight acquaintances only and have but recently met. In this case one card would be sufficient for the two young ladies, in addition to the one left for the widow, and two of

the husband's cards should be left; but if he had not met them, this would be unnecessary on his behalf. Again, when a widow is calling on acquaintances to whom she wishes indirectly to introduce her visiters, she should write their names on her own card, as they could not leave cards upon people they did not know.
"A bachelor calls on a married couple with two daughters 'out.' Is he to leave cards for the daughters as well as for the father and mother? He rather thinks he ought, but the card-leaving code says he ought not. On the other hand, if the daughters were staying at a hotel, for instance, with a relative or friend, or on a visit in town or country, he could leave a card for the two, or even one for each, when calling on their relative, or he could leave cards mix them how you will, and so long as you | for them if not acquainted with their host-When an unmarried lady is calling on a

married couple with daughters, what cards should she leave? She can leave one for the mother and one for the daughters, it friends of hers, or one for the mother with the corner turned down; but she must not leave a card for the husband because lalies do not leave cards upon married men. and only upon bachelors and widowers after entertainments given by them at which they have been present. "When should P. P. C. cards be left and when not? On the occasion of a long absence of over three months; on leaving town at the close of the season; on leaving a neighborhood where you have resided for years, or where you have resided for months and sometimes only for weeks, but

words pour prendre conge signify farewell, and when good-bye is not intended and future meetings are anticipated, there is no ostensible motive for leaving P. P. C.

The Girl with Tact.

Philadelphia Times. It is only the girl who doesn't possess the happy faculty called "tact" that ever says a word against her girl friends when she is talking to a man. The girl with her wits about her sings the praises of every girl she knows, however strongly she may dislike some of them in her own little heart, because she knows that it makes a good impression, and at the same time she realizes that we all have faults any way and she'd be sorry to have a girl tell about her little failings to some young man who thinks she's the one girl in the world-and besides, he'll find them out for himself in time. If she can't think of pretty things to say about the girls of her acquaintance she keeps still about them. The girl with tact has sense enough to know that she'll never make any headway by "running down" other girls-she can make

longer strides by the other method.

Something for Baby. Philadelphia Times. The daintiest gift that has yet come to the newest baby on the block is that of a pillow-case and coverlet. The latter is in the form of an enlarged pillowcase of fine, white linen, with a pad or comforter of cheesecloth, filled with perfumed cotton batting to slip inside. This pad is tacked after the manner of the cheesecloth baby wrappers, but with fine, white silk, instead of colored wool or silk After it is slipped in place it is closed with small pear! buttons; all around the cover is a ruffle of white lace. Baby's monogram, which, in this case, is a particularly pretty one, is worked in the center; around this is a wreath of small forget-me-nots, while clusters of the flowers are scattered over the rest of the surface. This wreath as well as the smaller ones that adorn the little pillowslip, is tied with a love-knot of ribbon, with floating ends embroidered in pale pink and blue. A small down pillow

completes the charming gift. Indianapolis Schools Abroad.

Asheville (N. C.) Citizen. A. M. Kellogg, when examining the work of the schools here some time ago, remarked to Superintendent Eggleston that he had seen no better work in public schools in the United States than the work done in the Indianapolis schools; that the entire spirit of the work there was beautiful. In his letter in the New York School Journal, which was reproduced in the Citizen of April 14, he says, in speaking of the Asheville public schools: "The teachers are doing their work very much as I saw it done in Indianapolis."

Democratic Gold Brick Artists. Worcester Telegram.

In the campaign of 1892 Western farmers were buncoed by Democratic swindlers into carrying banners inscribed. "Vote for Grover Cleveland and wheat at \$1.25 a They elected Grover, and May wheat struck 5714c Tuesday, the lowest ever known. The Democratic gold brick artists had better keep away from the farmers this fall unless they had just as soon be run through a threshing machine as not.

Indiauapolis Police Life Savers. Minneapolis Tribune.

Indianapolis has mounted some of its policemen on bicycles, and it is claimed that they can get away from trouble in one-tenth of the time required by an officer on foot.

Supplies for the Coxeyites.

If the "armies" now en route to the cap ital get hard pushed for food they can

Chicago Tribune. Before the plants attain their full growth because they are born into the idea that it neighborhood, town or even district, not of the vintage of '82. Nobody else wants